The Tripod

The Undergraduate Publication of Trinity College

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DR. SHEPARD GIVES ADDRESS

Head of English Department Speaks Before Grade Teachers' Club of Hartford.

THIRD OF A SERIES OF LECTURES

Subject is "Irving and Cooper: Literary Ambassadors and Pioneers."

Professor Odell Shepard, head of the English Department, gave a lecture in the Public Speaking Room last Thursday evening, before the Grade Teachers' Club of Hartford, on "Irving and Cooper: Literary Ambassadors and Pioneers." This was the third of a series of lectures given by Dr. Shepard for this club.

Extracts from the lecture follow:

IRVING AND COOPER.
(Ambassadors and Pioneers.)

Puritans—17th Century—Boston—Increasingly provincial.

Franklin—18th Century—Escaped Puritan. Left Boston for Philadelphia. Cosmopolite.

Irving and Cooper—19th Century—Anti-Puritans—New York and Europe.

I call these two men our literary ambassadors and pioneers. They are pioneers in our literature because, in a sense, they began it. The writings of the Puritans were hardly literature at all in the strict and high sense. The same is true of Franklin's writing except for the immortal autobiography, which was not published until 1817. Irving's first important publication, the Sketch Book, appeared in 1819. Cooper's Spy appeared two years later. These two books were the first of our American writing to give clear notice to ourselves and to the world that America was not to be content with politics and business—that she was also to have an art. Our literature, then, may be correctly thought of as just about a century old. Since the founding of Jamestown and Plymouth we have had three centuries of history on this continent. We have had what may be rightly called a national literature for just one-third of that time. And this, considering all the circumstances, is doing surprisingly well.

It is in this sense, then, that the two men to be considered are pioneers in our literature. That they were our literary ambassadors to Europe is just as clear. When they began to write no one abroad conceived the possibility that any good literary thing could come out of these states, and we ourselves were even more convinced than were the English and French that it was quite impossible for anything worth mentioning to be written here. Our reputation for culture, refinement, education, was at an extremely low ebb in England.

The Sketch Book, refused by the two great English publishers of the day—Constable and Murray—had just been brought out at the author's expense, and had taken the town's fancy so completely that Murray, the Prince of Publishers, very soon changed his mind and was glad to have the book on his lists. In the next year came Cooper's Spy, which took London and all England, and then France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and South America, almost by storm, making even the novels of Scott, for a time, take second place. And so it was that these two men gave Europe reason to surmise that America was possibly after all not a wholly uncivilized land. This surmise, as their reputations grew and loomed and towered, became at last an established certainty. We had beaten England in two wars, but our guns and war-ships had not convinced her that we were worthy of consideration as possible equals. We had worked out a new scheme of government which was drawing the eyes of the world, but this did not seem to prove that we were civilized. In business and commerce we were giving British merchants much to thing about, but this did not help. Such men as Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Jefferson, had produced a body of political writing which has had no parallel for cogency, clarity, and vigor since the days of ancient Rome—but little of this was read abroad, and it would have helped us very little if it had been. But the work that guns and ships, political genius and business acumen could not do in winning for us the respect of the outer world was done for us by these two men, mere writers, an essayist and a novelist, our literary ambassadors. It is another case, and one of the clearest of the pen being mightier than the sword.

English Criticism of America.

It is almost impossible in fact, to exaggerate the bigotry and the self-satisfaction, the spite and ignorance of English criticism of America in the years in which our two authors were growing to manhood. British travelers were streaming across the ocean then as now, bringing their opinions about America with them and going back with precisely the same opinions, always seeing what they wanted to see so that they might be able to say what they wanted to say, never learning anything, never grazed by the shadow of a doubt that that particular layer of British society was the last word of God's creation in morality, refinement, common-sense.

They found fault with our theaters, our churches, and our houses; they spoke contemptuously of our government, our religion, and our art; they discovered with horror that we had no landed gentry, no servant class, and they strongly suspected us of having no bath-tubs. Their contempt for our dollar-chasing men was equalled only by their disgust at our giggling and squeamish women and their utter loathing for our unspeakable children. And then usually at the end of their book they would have a chapter in which they marvelled at our sensitiveness. Our feelings they said were so easily hurt. Our language they discovered to be a vulgar patois, utterly unintelligible to one who had drawn his speech from that well of English undefiled, London, center of the universe.

Both Irving and Cooper suffered greatly in their own natural and deep love for the Mother Country because of this malignancy. In one of the most powerful of the Sketch Book essays, that entitled "English Writers on America", Irving takes up the whole sad business with perfect calmness and self respect, saying about it just what any sane gentleman, whether British or American, should say, either then or now. And then in the same book he writes his brilliant, witty description of England in the essay called "John Bull", a perfect model of searching analysis of the national spirit which sees all the salient faults and states them without giving the slightest cause of offense. Without mentioning or thinking about the eight or ten papers in the Sketch Book which show in various ways his deep love for England, this "John Bull" alone was sufficient to make it quite clear to any impartial judge that in the exchange of compliments between the two nations the American had vastly the better in wit, in gentleness, and in

(Continued on page 2.)

BUELL ACCEPTS CHAIRMANSHIP

Heads Executive Committee for Hartford Campaign.

CHAIRMEN DESIRED FOR CONNECTICUT CAMPAIGN.

Judge Philip J. McCook in Charge of Campaign to be Held in New York City.

Greatly cheered by the Hoadley bequest, which brings the total sum raised for the Centennial Fund to $600,000, the committee is pushing plans for the Hartford campaign to be held January 15-20.

Preliminary organization work has been largely completed, and several meetings already have been held at which the ground has been gone over. Robert C. Buell, of Hartford, who has long been familiar with the college, has consented to act as chairman of the executive committee. Mr. Buell is not a Trinity man but believes in Trinity as a Hartford institution.

"When you consider that Hartford is Trinity's home city, that only once in a hundred years has Trinity appealed to Hartford for assistance and that the continuance of the college will be of great benefit to the city, you will see that Trinity is justified in asking liberal support", Mr. Buell said in a recent interview.

"I think all Hartford citizens should regard this campaign as a civic enterprise, appealing to civic pride and public spirit, and all should support it just as liberally as they can."

Preliminary organization meetings have been held at the University Club, and among those present have been Robert S. Morris, the Rev. E. C. Thomas, E. S. Allen, Karl P. Morba, Fred P. Woolley, Russell G. Johnston, Roger B. Ladd, James L. Cole, Irving E. Partridge, Jr., Ralph Wolfe and Harvey Pond. J. H. Kelso Davis and Arthur V. R. Tilton, chairman and executive secretary, respectively, of the general committee, have attended and addressed these meetings and President Ogilby has taken an active part in planning the campaign.

Meantime preliminary work has been conducted for the Connecticut campaign which will follow the Hartford campaign. Chairmen are desired in nine districts in Connecticut, but thus far only two have signified willingness to accept. These are the Rev. Gerald E. Cunningham of Stamford and A. C. Graves of New Haven. Judge Philip J. McCook has accepted the chairmanship for New York City and is now actively engaged in planning his campaign.

Literature designed to appeal to prospective givers, non-Trinitarians, throughout the country is now practically completed. There will be special publications for Connecticut and New England, as well as publications intended to make a general appeal.

A great deal of publicity has been secured for Trinity in newspapers in Hartford, Connecticut, New York and elsewhere, and in Church papers.

CALENDAR

Wednesday, December 20:
Christmas recess begins at 1 p. m.

Wednesday, January 3:
Christmas recess ends at 5.45 p. m.

McCOOK, '02, RECEIVES APPOINTMENT

Trinity Man Honored by Governor-Elect Templeton.

TO BE GOVERNOR'S EXECUTIVE SECRETARY.

Son of Dr. John J. McCook Has Had Excellent Record.

Captain Anson T. McCook, '02, has been appointed by Charles A. Templeton, Governor-elect of Connecticut, to be his executive secretary.

An article contained in "The Hartford Courant" of December 16, regarding Captain McCook's appointment, follows in part:

"The governor-elect offered the appointment to Captain McCook in a conference which he had with him during the afternoon at republican state headquarters in the Allyn House. The offer came as a complete surprise to Captain McCook, and he asked time to consider it, notifying the governor-elect of his acceptance at 8 o'clock that night.

"Captain McCook is 41 years old and lives at 396 Main Street. He is a son of Rev. Dr. John J. McCook, professor in Trinity College and rector of St. John's Church in East Hartford. His ancestors on his mother's side were among the settlers of Hartford.

Scholarly Record.

"After attending the public schools of Hartford, including the old Charter Oak School near Colt's factory and the South School, he was graduated from the Hartford Public High School in 1898 and from Trinity College in 1902. He was valedictorian of his college class, said to be the most brilliant class that had to that year been graduated and containing five "optimi", or men who attained a rank of over 90 in every branch for every term in their college course.

"For a year after graduation Mr. McCook taught in Cloyne School in Newport, R. I., and then he went to the Harvard Law School, from which he was graduated in 1906. Later he practiced law in the office of his brother, Philip J. McCook in New York City. Still later he opened an office here in the First National Bank building.

"A brother, Dr. John B. McCook of this city, served as assistant surgeon of the old First Connecticut in the Spanish War, and in France was chief of a Red Cross Hospital in the World War. His brother, Philip J. McCook, who was severely wounded in France, was recently elected to the Supreme Court of New York, defeating his Tammany opponent by a handsome margin. A third brother, George Sheldon McCook, also served in the war with Spain as a member of Company F, First Connecticut Infantry, but died soon afterwards.

Served in War.

"Captain McCook's first military experience was as a private in the Eighth Massachusetts Militia. Subsequently he was a corporal in Troop B of this city until his enlistment expired in 1914. He was leader of the preparedness movement in Connecticut and was the author of "The Schools and Military Training." He was an attendant at one of the earliest training camps in Plattsburgh. He attended a later camp just as this country entered the World War.

"Earning a commission as captain he was in command of the Supply Company of the 304th Infantry. For a time he was stationed at Camp

(Concluded on page 4.)

FORDHAM WINS CLOSE CONTEST

Basketball Team Defeated 23 to 17 in First Home Game.

The third game of the season resulted in a second failure for the Blue and Gold quintet last week when the powerful Fordham University loopsters invaded Connecticut and took a 23 to 17 victory away from Trinity in her first home game played on the Hopkins Street gymnasium floor. The second period of the game saw some very fine playing by the Trinity team, but during the first half, the Blue and Gold tossers seemed unable to get into the stride and exhibit the usual type of ball.

The game opened with prospects for an even contest for the honors but soon the fast New York team got under way and piled up a lead which their opponents were unable to overtake at any time during the game. The guards did fair work, but the Trinity forwards found it impossible to penetrate the strong five-man defense which the university team threw up and, as a result, most of the shots at the Trinity basket were long and forced. The sensational shot of the game came early in the first half when Keating, held in the middle of the floor by two opponents, made a one-handed toss at the hoop which resulted in a perfect basket.

At the end of the first half the outlook was extremely dismal with the visiting team leading by an 18 to 8 score.

When the Blue and Gold team took the floor for the second period, a decided change was noticed in the whole team which then exhibited a brand of real basketball.

From then on it was a question of time, but the start had come too late and the whistle alone stopped the impending defeat for the New York team.

As this spurt in the second half was immediately noticed, the Fordham captain instigated a waiting game, and attempted to keep the ball in a safe position at the same time preventing the Trinity quintet from changing the score.

Canner, although several inches shorter than the six-foot, three-inch Fordham center, managed to put the ball in the hands of the Trinity forwards on nearly every jump.

Of his fourteen attempts at points from fouls, Canner dropped in eleven, while Hoctor succeeded in making seven from his foul line. Each of the Trinity forwards registered a single field basket.

The crowd that witnessed the game was of unusual size, nearly 600 being taken care of by the high school's new seating arrangement.

Dillon's usual excellent refereeing did much to speed the game up and the new system of less technical fouls also made this first home game a really live one.

The summary:

Trinity		Fordham
Keating	LF	Cavanaugh
Montgomery	RF	Hoctor
Canner (Capt.)	C	Vanderbach
Noble	LG	McMahon (Capt.)
Mohnkern	RG	O'Connell

Substitutions—Trinity, Ortgies for Montgomery, Montgomery for Ortgies, Ortgies for Montgomery; Fordham, Healy for O'Connell, Leddy for Vanderbach; field goals, Trinity, Ortgies 1, Keating 1, Montgomery 1; Fordham, Cavanaugh 4, Hoctor 3, McMahon 1; goals from fouls, Trinity, Canner 11; Fordham, Hoctor 7; referee, Dillon of Hartford; scorer, Celantano; timer, Jones.

The Tripod

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The columns of THE TRIPOD are at all times open to alumni, undergraduates and others for the free discussion of matters of interest to Trinity men. No anonymous communications will be published, and THE TRIPOD assumes no responsibility for sentiments expressed by correspondents.

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MID-YEARS.

The average day, for the average student, seems to pass with decidedly more than average speed. Just a little while ago football was the prime topic of conversation, then Thanksgiving hove in sight and seemed to approach with astonishing speed, and now Christmas is here, bringing with it the first cessation of the academic year. Snow and cold make June seem as far away as the Bahamas, but before long, as the days rush by, Commencement week with its Centennial celebration will be just around the corner.

Every undergraduate is doubtless planning each day of the Christmas vacation with a view to cramming it full of enjoyment. If he is not, he is an un-natural man. But the colored lights of the Christmas tree cast a dim shadow which must not be forgotten. That shadow will become more distinct daily after vacation and will soon assume the name of mid-years.

For several years past Trinity has had an unusually high and unhealthy mortality rate as a result of these examinations. Last year ten per cent. of the College Body failed to remain in College. The worst feature of this wholesale decapitation is that the Freshman class has been the chief sufferer. This is, of course, bound to be the case, since the first year of college work is, more than anything else, a test of one's fitness for a college education. But when fifteen or eighteen per cent. of the entering class "flunk out" at mid-years it is evident of some curable fault.

With this in mind the College authorities have kept in exceptionally close touch with the scholastic record of the Class of 1926, and the Thanksgiving marks indicate that the class is, as a whole, doing much better work than its immediate predecessors did. However, the mid-term marks are little more than an indication of the grade of work being done, and cannot be taken too seriously. There is a vast difference between the mid-year examinations and the tests upon which Thanksgiving marks are based.

Before packing for the trip home it behooves any man who is having even slight trouble with a course to find his weakest point, arrange in some way to secure the necessary books, and then actually use them when he gets home. It is one thing to take books home and lay them on a desk upon arrival with the thought that "later in the week I'll study", but it is quite another to actually open the books and get to work. Even during the holiday period the end of January seems to be comfortably remote, but there are just three weeks of academic work in January and those weeks are fairly well filled with the regular class work. Reviewing must be done in outside time, and the vacation is the only time.

And so, having done our best to cast gloom over the holiday period by calling attention to the necessity of thinking about mid-years, THE TRIPOD wishes all Trinity men a merry Christmas and the happiest and most prosperous of New Years.

DR. SHEPARD'S LECTURE.

(Continued from page 1.)

discernment. Cooper was never adept in the soft answer which turneth away wrath. He went to England and wrote about that Island just the same sort of book that Captain Basil Hall, for one example out of a hundred, had written about America. At once there rose up a howl of rage from those very magazines which had been wondering so long at our American sensitiveness.

Age of National Adolescence.

Now that we have shown that America did not have a monopoly of all the coarseness in the world in the first half of the last century, we admit that many of the things our English friends said about us were true. In the 1820s and 30s we were scrambling through our awkward age, our national adolescence. Our voice was changing—now it would be the manly bass of the world's oldest democracy, and again the squeaking boyish treble of the newcomer among nations, dreadfully self-conscious and painfully boastful. This boastfulness was very like that of rapidly growing boys, based much more on what they are to do and be than on what they have been, are, and can do. We were a good deal given, apparently, to rolling up our sleeves to show our youthful muscles. But again like a boy's, our boastfulness was always very liable to sudden collapses into the depths of humility. We boasted about our wealth and power, mostly future, but we ate the dust of the earth in regard to our art and literature. In these matters we didn't pretend to have any mind of our own. We agreed absolutely with England that no good book or picture or statue could come out of this western Nazareth. We never dared to praise an American book until it had been praised in the English journals. It took great faith and some sporting blood for an American publisher in those days to bring out an American book. Most of the publishers's lists are made up of English titles. And the higher one went in the social and cultural circles of those days the more of this conviction one found, that we could not hold up our heads with England in matters of art, that in some mysterious way the 3,000 miles of salt water had fatally damped the powder of our fancy. This curious inverted patriotism is not dead yet—not by a great deal. You will still find thousands of semi-educated Americans who have this notion, whether they admit it or not, that it is somehow a mark of good breeding to prefer the foreign to the native literary product, to hasten to assure every one that they do not think much of this or that writer—their exquisite reason being no more profound than this—that he is an American. But such persons are the half-educated. Most of us—that is, those who aren't educated at all and those who are really educated, were given the courage of our patriotism by Irving and Cooper. When we saw that they were accepted abroad even more enthusiastically than they were here, we learned our lesson once for all. Of course we had to let England tell us about Whitman, and France about Poe, but in general we have learned.

Irving's Biography.

Washington Irving born in New York, 1783. End of Revolution. Died 1859, on the eve of Civil War. Thus he came into the world just as soon as the union was assured, and he went out of it before its stability was to undergo the supreme test. "General Washington's work is ended", said the boy's mother, "and my child shall be named after him." A few months later President Washington was in the city, and a Scotch nurse girl carried the future biographer into a shop where the great man was standing and saw that his namesake was given a blessing. Youngest of 11 children. Father a Scotch Presbyterian, hard and narrow in belief and conduct, essentially a Puritan. Mother an English woman, delicate, refined, gentle, an Episcopalian. At the age of ten Washington rejected his father's hated religion as emphatically as he could by slipping secretly into Trinity Church and being confirmed. Thus he dodged away from the first shadow of his life. He had an instinct for sunshine. Even his mother seems to have felt that a little religious gloom would have been good for him. "O Washington! if you were only good!" Theatre before and after family prayers. Finished school at sixteen. Did not attend Columbia, as his brothers had done, simply because he did not care to. Entered law office, which, judging from the number of poets and essayists who have come out of it, must be about the best place in the world to learn the art of writing. For the next 20 years he was to be an idler in the land—a very graceful, cheerful, ornamental idler, but an idler nevertheless. He had a large share of what Wordsworth calls "that majestic indolence so dear to native man." Dear, that is, not only to the idler himself, but very often to all his friends. All the world loves an idler—perhaps he puts all the rest of us, whether we be lazy ourselves or energetic, in good conceit with ourselves. All the world loved Cooper, not, at first, as a writer, but as a man. He became before he was 20 a darling of the drawing room not in his native city alone but also in Albany, Schenectady, and Saratoga Springs. By the time he was 25 he knew also the society of Washington, Richmond, Philadelphia, and then of London, Paris, Madrid. Perhaps there is no important man of letters in England or America, not even Browning in his later years, who has been more universally sought after by hostesses or who has been a more complascent victim of their time-killing wiles. He roared for all these lady lion tamers as gently as any sucking dove. This is highly characteristic of him, and very different from the way of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who once wrote in answer to an invitation to dinner sent him by a London hostess: "Certainly not! What have I done to deserve this affront to my well-known habits?" By return post came back this answer: "Know nothing about your habits. Hope they are not so bad as your manners." Yes, Irving and Shaw have two widely different notions about the use of a great literary reputation. "Call me disagreeable", says Shaw. "Call me a boor, call me offensive, only call me something, for then I have made you think a new thought. I deliberately propose to say things in an irritating way, for only so can I hope to stir people out of their torpor." But Irving never tried to get anyone to think a new thought. He was content to lead them along the smooth-worn grooves of the thoughts they had thought a ten thousand times, because this was the line of least resistance, and the most agreeable. He wished not to stir people out of their torpor but to lull them sweetly to sleep, not to irritate but to be loved. He was loved, both as man and as writer, on two continents, and all over the most self-satisfied island God ever made. Verily, he had his reward.

There was very little in these first years to indicate that Irving might some day be a hard literary workman and master of an admirable style. His youth was as far as possible different from the laborious, calculating youth of Franklin. He turned over a good many pleasing books, idly, in his law office, but does not seem to have practiced his quill very much. Then, at the age of 19, about the age when most youths of today are struggling with freshman English, he wrote for a New York newspaper a series of light papers, mildly satirical, which show that he had somehow already won a style of delicacy and grace. These papers, like the early writing of Franklin, were obviously imitations of Addison's Spectator—then nearly a hundred years old. In his very first literary venture, then, Irving showed his characteristic love of the past.

At 21, Irving seemed to have only a short time to live. Consumption. Brothers sent him to Europe. Stayed there two years, learning French, Spanish, German, Italian easily and not very well, seeing the best society of the national capitals. It must have been an easier thing to do then than now, but it would not have been easy then for any other man. Irving had only to be seen to be loved, for he carried a daily beauty in his life which shone in his face, and which was everywhere his sufficient letter of introduction. He returned to New York in 1804 and then wrote his part of the Salmagundi papers—a short-lived journal of the town which had the declared purpose, very modestly phrased, considering that the editors were about 23 years of age, "to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age." These essays were written in imitation of Addison and Goldsmith, they were bright, impudent, fearless, irresponsible, just as they should have been as coming from very young men not at all in awe of their elders, and were remarkably popular. These papers are readable even today, though chiefly interesting for the very vivid picture they give of social New York over a century ago. In them Irving found out that he could write, when he wanted to. Two years later he found that he did not want to. A certain Dr. Samuel Mitchell had just brought out a very dull, dry, pedantic book on the history of the city. Peter and Washington Irving began a book which they intended to be only a burlesque upon the learned Doctor's dullness. When the first five chapters were done, Peter was called away to Europe. Washington finished, and published in 1809, the "History of New York", by Diedrich Knickerbocker. One of the most delightful and telling things about this book was the way it was advertised. Some time before the book appeared notices were put in all the papers inquiring the whereabouts of an elderly gentleman who had disappeared from his lodgings, a gentleman dressed in an old coat and cocked hat, by the name of "Knickerbocker." Answers came in that such a man had been seen traveling to Albany by stage, and that he had failed to pay his landlord, that he had left in his trunk a curious manuscript which was to be sold to pay the landlord. The ruse was worked so well that the city authorities planned at one time to offer a reward for the discovery of Knickerbocker. Thus every one in the city was curious about the book when it appeared, and it had an immediate sale. Its popularity was such that New York has ever since been the Knickerbocker city and the name has been applied to ice companies, to cakes, even to an article of apparel. The book itself is serio-comic, a burlesque history, somewhat in the manner of Rabelais and somewhat in that of Fielding. It is the first important piece of American humor, and it has the outstanding features which have characterized our humor ever since—gross exaggeration. It is really a creation of an epoch of past time which never had any other reality than that given it by Irving's imagination. As most of the satire in it is levelled against the early Dutch settlers of New York, Irving was at once charged, of course, with lack of patriotism—for it is always hard to separate our pride of ancestry and of family from our love of country. But this mild flurry of hostile criticism he soon smiled away. The book is really about the most vigorous thing its author ever did. If we do not do it justice now-a-days that is probably because nothing ages more rapidly than certain forms of humor and because we Anglo-Saxon people, although we have had the greatest humorists in the world, have never

DR. SHEPARD'S LECTURE.

(Continued from page 2.)

learned that laughter is one of the best and greatest things in life. We feel that what we call a worth-while book or man must be a serious book or man, and laughter seems to us to be an indication of shallowness.

After writing the Knickerbocker history Irving lived for several years the graceful and rather useless life of the young man about town, doing nothing of any importance, putting serenely aside all the things which most Americans feel of supreme importance, and simply living, enjoying himself. His apology may be that his health was never robust. Furthermore, there had died in 1806, at the age of 18, Matilda Hoffman, the only woman he ever loved with his whole heart, and this event made all the long remainder of his life a sort of wistful looking backward. He remained a bachelor to the end of his days—a bachelor in the full rich sense of the word—sentimental, flirtatious, conservative, a lover of comfort and ease. The mark of the bachelor type of mind is on all his work as it is upon all his life. It is as clear in the Sketch Book with its gentle charm, its rather anemic yearning for the tender grace of a day that was dead as it is in his private life at Sunnyside, that bachelor's paradise, where he gathered about him no less than five separate and distinct nieces and played the inspired and heaven sent bachelor uncle to them all. Of all the interesting contrasts between Irving and Cooper this, I think, is one of the most important, that Irving was an ideal bachelor and that Cooper was very emphatically a husband—not an ideal one of course, for such a creature does not exist in nature, but still very much a husband.

"The Sketch Book."

In 1815 Irving sailed for England on business, intending to be gone a few months. He remained 17 years, first helping his brother Peter whose business affairs finally wound up in bankruptcy, then roving about England and Spain, and finally as Secretary of the American Legation at London. In 1818 his brother failed in business. Until this time, Irving had been supported by his family as a sort of ornament or hot-house flower. Suddenly he was called upon to help support them. He began to do so at once and in the next year brought out the Sketch Book, first in America and then in England. It had immediate success in both countries. It contained in Rip Van Winkle and In Sleepy Hollow his two best known and his two best pieces—both American in setting and both dealing, as Knickerbocker had done, with that serene and changeless legendary past in which his fancy was almost most at home. These two pieces were received with joy in America because they seemed to give to us a thing of which we had felt a conscious and often expressed need—a background of time, a sense of remote and shadowy antiquity, in the absence of which the romantic imagination cannot breathe. We don't feel today, as men did then, that American history is all of it in the raw crude blaze of modernity—and there is no reason why we should feel it, for America may be as old to the imagination as any land. But if we do not feel it, that is largely because three men—Irving, Cooper, and Hawthorne—have created for us an American antiquity which we should not have been able to create for ourselves. This is one of the greatest of their gifts to us.

The Sketch Book was calculated to please English readers quite as much as American. It describes English scenes and English life as English would like to be able to describe them—piercing below the surface to the spirit. No Englishman, indeed, has ever written more lovingly, glowingly, and truthfully withal, about his own land than this American W. I. does in a dozen papers of the sketch book. He is in a sense more English than the English, without for an instant ceasing to be a staunch and patriotic American. For Irving was not one of those inverted patriots of whom I have spoken who think it a mark of intellectual superiority to prefer almost any country to their own. It was his love of the past that enabled him to reveal England to English eyes as they could not so well see it for themselves, just as it was his love of the past that made Knickerbocker and Sleepy Hollow and all the Spanish books. Once more in the Sketch Book we see Irving pleasing everybody, both America and England, by one and the same book. This was a hard thing to do. Many people would say not worth doing, and that it is no real man's business to try to please everybody all the time. But it was W. I.'s business, and one in which he was very skillful. He found out what the various elements of his expected audience wanted to hear, and then he said just those things, like the accomplished veteran of ten thousand tea parties that he was. He trod on no man's ancestral toes. Hating Puritanism as much as it was in his genial nature to hate anything, he concealed the fact that Ichabod Crane was intended as a burlesque of the Connecticut Puritan from nearly everybody but himself, realizing that there would be thousands of people whom he would like to have read his book who were lineal descendants of that noble six thousand that came over in the Mayflower. And yet he has his own private chuckle at Ichabod, that sadly dwindled Puritan whose religion has settled into his stomach and his pocket—gastronomy and greed. Also in this same book he has his chuckle at the shortcomings of the English—at their arrogance, their blundering, their slow wits. For in that paper which I have mentioned, "John Bull" the rapier of his wit plays coruscating lightning about their bewildered heads and they are too astonished to feel offended, they cannot tell whether he is laughing at them or with them. Now when Cooper took up his brutal bludgeon and waded into them, they were left in no doubt as to just what he meant. His kind of talk they could fully understand, because it was just their kind of talk. Cooper tells no more home truths than Irving, but he made a totally different effect. Cooper deliberately kicked away from him a greater reputation than Irving ever gained, just by outspoken honesty. Irving attained and maintained his reputation in spite of his honesty. Cooper, in Shaw's words, forced Englishmen to think a new thought—the thought, namely, that they lived in a glass house and would do well, therefore, to stop heaving bricks. Irving said the same thing so gently that they took it for flattery and loved him for it. He kicked them downstairs with so sweet a grace that they thought he was helping them up.

Returning to America in 1832, Irving bought the old Dutch farm house on the banks of the Hudson, a mile or two from the scene of The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and made for himself a gentleman's country home now known to the world as Sunnyside. There were 27 years of quiet and happy work ahead of him, all lived in the full sunlight of unwaning popular favor.

It was in the closing years of his life that Irving returned to that task which he had long dreamt of and yearned to finish—the Life of Washington. He thought of it as his most important work, and doubtless in many ways it is. Sufficient scholarship and great charm are in it, and a world of good reading for anyone who will blow away the dust which it has gathered on the shelf. It was finished within a few weeks of his serene death on an Indian Summer Day at Sunnyside.

Irving's pre-occupation with the past, then, was due to the fact that in the place of his birth there was no past. So he had to make one. His love of society, of refinement, of gayety, were due to a similar reaction from his environment—from the dour Puritanism of his father. In the America of his time he found a society at least as good as any he could find here today, and he had as natural an instinct for it as it had for him. Society trained him, gave him gifts which not even Columbia could have given if **he had gone there.**

Cooper.

The case of Cooper, now, is not so clear. He was born six years later than Irving and died seven years earlier. He also is called one of the Knickerbocker group, although he was born in New Jersey. When he was one year of age his father moved with all his large family to Lake Otsego, in western New York, on the very edge of the howling wilderness, and there set up a sort of feudal domain in what is now Cooperstown. The father was the great man of the town and country side, a feudal lord in nearly all but name, and this fact must never be forgotten in any attempt to understand Cooper's social and political opinions. Neither must we ever forget in thinking of his passion for the wilderness and his wonderful power of bringing that wilderness almost visibly before the mind's eye, that he lived in it, as a boy, and on it also, and almost wholly for it. As a young boy Cooper was sent to live with an Albany clergyman, an Englishman by birth, whose strongest characteristic was his hatred of all things democratic. Then, at 13, to Yale, where he found himself somewhat too well prepared, so that he took no interest in his studies. In his junior year he was expelled from Yale for some last straw of mischief which had broken the back of the professorial patience. and his education in the formal sense was over. Nature or Fate or Providence seems to have a very tender care of men of genius, providing in the case of Irving, as we have seen, that he should never go to college at all, and in the case of Cooper that his college should not contaminate the pristine innocence of his youthful mind. Think of Shakespeare, too, so vast a genius that Fate never let him get within a dozen years of college. After acceding to the request of the Yale authorities that he absent himself permanently from that great seat of learning, Cooper began his education without further delay by shipping before the mast on a merchant vessel plying to England and Bordeaux. Here he had one or two voyages sufficiently tempestuous to fit him out with fictional material for life, and after a year or so entered the Navy as Midshipman, seeing service chiefly on Lakes George, Champlain, and Ontario—vastly useful places for him to know about.

Adventure.

So it went with him until he was about 21—constant physical activity leaving him no time for reading or thought or writing. Adventure, activity, something doing, was what he lived for—and he had much of this. And then in 1811, he suddenly married a certain Miss De Lancey, a girl of Huguenot descent and belonging to a family of Tories, and everything seemed over and done with for him for the rest of his life. He settled down very comfortably in Westchester County, New York, the county in which Irving was later to set up Sunnyside, and lived the life of a country gentleman who had retired from active concernments at the ripe age of 21.

"The Spy."

Years before, John Jay had told Cooper at a dinner party about the exploits of an American spy during the civil war. Cooper put together a few incidents in the life of an imaginary spy, wove in some shreds of history, and staged the whole in the country round about him, calling the whole thing "The Spy", published late in 1821. He had no idea that he was doing anything extraordinary. Cooper had begun to write the Spy only because his friends urged him to do so. Now-a-days a man is to be deterred from writing novels only by the tears and entreaties of his friends. Cooper wrote this first important book of his with absolutely no notion that he had an audience. Scott knew that every pen-stroke would be read by tens of thousands, and this is a great help to a man. Cooper had his audience still to make. Well, this novel appearing in December, 1821, went into three editions in America in three months, and was dramatized in the fourth month, with great success. Some copies leaked through to England. The American newspapers recorded by the middle of the summer with great joy that Cooper had been hailed in England as "a distinguished American novelist." It was not a case of America waiting for the European verdict, for America had welcomed this book of its own volition, but the English opinion when it came was a great relief. The Spy was published early in 1822 in England and had a sale there as great as that in America. This finally decided Cooper's future. He had to write, whether he wanted to or not. He was 32 years of age and had just 30 years to live. They were 30 years of mighty toil, of great fame and of great obloquy, of almost incessant fighting. Few men have lived a more heroic 30 years than these of his in which he wrote 100 volumes with one hand while fighting Europe and America and all the newspapers in Christendom with the other.

Cooper meanwhile decided that the

(Concluded on page 4.)

DR. SHEPARD'S LECTURE.

(Continued from page 3.)

success of the Spy must be due to the fact that in this book he was writing about something he knew about. Accordingly, he decided to weave a story about his boyhood home—Otsego Lake. The result of this was "The Pioneers", 1823, first in order of time in the Leather Stocking Series. One of the most poetic things he ever did, though not so good a story as some of the others in the series. It was our introduction to Natty Bumpo, otherwise known as Hawk-eye, La Longue Carabine, Path-Finder, Leather Stocking, etc., the friend, philosopher and guide of all rightly brought up American boys, and the most highly finished portrait in our literature if not in all the world's fiction. Cooper did not see him very clearly at first, did not know the wonderful opportunities there were in him—but here, at any rate, he had unconsciously struck out the red outlines of a great poetic figure—nothing less than the American pioneer, the frontiersman, the man to whom we owe a great deal of the best there is in us. He has the virtues of the pioneer—he is resourceful, courageous enough when there is need but never foolhardy, a lover of the wild. Furthermore, in this book Cooper first struck emphatically into that type of fiction which he did better than any of his thousand imitators have been able to do it—the novel of adventure. We tend now to think that this is a lower kind of fiction. Not necessarily. At any rate his work is the best of its kind. In the treatment of frontier life of adventure he has since had many imitators.

It is always said in this connection that Cooper owed a great deal to Scott. He certainly did not owe his woodcraft, his seamanship, for Scott had neither of these things, and these are what made Cooper what he was. He owed to Scott chiefly the preparation of an audience.

By the time the Pioneers appeared people were watching Cooper on both sides of the Atlantic. 3500 copies were sold in New York City on the day the book appeared. And the later popularity of the book was in proportion. Cooper had arrived. America had been put on the literary map, once and for all.

Cooper then turned to his other great storehouse of material—the sea. In spite of the opinion of his friends that the general public could not understand the terminology of seamanship, he turned out the Pilot, published 1824. This was the first novel dealing exclusively with life on the ocean wave in the world. It was not the last. To this innovation of Cooper's we owe a list of later novels almost as long and still more distinguished than that which followed his pioneer invention. He dealt with the sea in the same mixture of poetry with exact knowledge that we see in his novels of the wilderness. He was a master in both fields—and that is the reason why his stories flowed from him so easily. In the novels of the Forest and Prairie and of the Great Lakes he gave us our American landscape—a gift, pure and simple, for we should not have been able to see the beauty of these if he and his fellows of letters had not shown them to us. In his Pilot and the many other ocean-life stories that followed he gave us the beauty of the open unoared sea—a thing that only art can make seem beautiful to us. The Greeks had as fine a sense of the beautiful as we have, but to them the sea was hateful. They had no Cooper.

Since there is of course not time to speak in any detail of the ninety or more other books Cooper wrote, it will be well to say a word about his later life and then to turn to his general characteristics. Returning from a seven-year stay in Europe in 1833, he began a series of books which seemed to the people of that time deliberately designed to insult all those who had grown to love his work—particularly the English and the Americans. He talked back at the British travelers in a very vigorous way which won for him the choice epithets—reptile, insect, grub, spiteful miscreant—which I have quoted. Then, in order that he might have no friends at all, so it would seem, he began a series of books about America, charging his countrymen with those very same faults of vulgarity and greed, selfishness, provincialism, which he had refused to let the English charge him with. This turned the press of the country against him and lost him hosts of friends, but he swerved not an inch to right or left. As the result of a five-year campaign—during which five years, by the way, he was doing some of his best fiction—he succeeded in putting the fear of God and the libel law into the hearts of American editors, teaching them a lesson they have never forgotten. It is due to him, perhaps, that we now have those blessed saving clauses such as "it is said", and "we are informed." By 1850, however, he had won his fight. A new generation of readers came along that knew nothing of the old bitterness against him, and his last two years were comparatively serene.

Irving and Cooper were barely acquainted with each other. Cooper seems to have thought that Irving did not like him, and so avoided him as much as possible. Irving of course disliked nobody. In many ways the two men were very dissimilar. The one was a conformist, the other a fighter. The one was greatly loved, the other was seldom more than respected. Neither of them had any message, any great truth to teach. Ambassadors are not expected to do that, and pioneers are too busy. Cooper's influence is far more alive today than Irving's. He has had thousands of imitators, Irving only a few, such as George William Curtis, William Dean Howells, Charles Dudley Warner. Irving popularized the light essay, the tale, the short story. Cooper the novel of adventure. But the two of them together gave the reading world to understand that America was to be heard from. They were our two first representatives—ambassadors and pioneers.

ANSON McCOOK APPOINTED.

(Concluded from page 1.)

Devens. July 8, 1918, he sailed for France and was in the Seventy-sixth Division. When that unit was broken up into replacements, etc., he was sent to Chatillon-sur-Seine to attend tactical school. There he broke his arm in anti-machine gun practice. Next he was in command in Company E, 320th Infantry, Eightieth Division. In March, 1919, he received an appointment to the Sorbonne University, to attend the law classes. Following his study in the Sorbonne he was liaison officer in Belgium.

"Last March, the republican city convention drafted Captain McCook as its nominee for mayor. He made a whirlwind campaign of a week but it was the democrats' turn to win and Richard J. Kinsella was elected.

"Captain McCook has been a member of the State Reformatory Commission and also local chairman for the Belgian Relief Commission. When Cardinal Mercier visited Connecticut, he took charge of the reception arrangements. He has been active in civic movements. He was secretary of the American delegation at the convention of the International Chamber of Commerce in Paris in June, 1920. He was appointed on the Charity Board by Mayor Brainard and has been deeply interested in the reorganization of the City Hospital. He has been active in Rau Locke Post of the American Legion and is a member of various military veteran bodies.

"His father is the last survivor of the 'Fighting McCooks' of the Civil War."

Captain McCook has always been interested in the welfare of both the college and the city. As an undergraduate at Trinity he took an active part in college affairs, and at all times since his graduation he has continued this interest in the college. Captain McCook was formerly graduate manager of athletics at Trinity and he is now chairman of the Graduate Committee on Athletics. He is a member of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity.

CONFERENCE OF CHURCH STUDENTS AT TRINITY

Program Being Arranged by Rev. Malcolm Taylor. To Take Place from February 9 to 11.

From February 9 to 11, inclusive, the Annual Conference of Church Students in New England Colleges will be held at Trinity. In many of the New Colleges the Episcopal students have organized themselves into groups for religious study and send delegates to a conference once a year. Although there is no such group here at Trinity, the use of the college has been offered for the conference and it is hoped that some interest in the work may be awakened here. Arrangements are being made to have as many of the delegates as is possible live at the college during the conference. The first sessions of the conference are on Friday, February 9, and the last on Sunday, the 11th. The program is in the hands of the Reverend Malcolm Taylor who is the executive secretary of the New England district. The full details have not yet been announced, but several eminent churchmen are engaged to address the conference. The sessions will be open to any Trinity students who are interested.